

THE EFFECT WORLD WAR II HAD ON
THE JAPANESE LIVING
IN SANTA CLARA COUNTY

Submitted by:

Stephanie Cope
2955 Warburton Ave.
Santa Clara, California 95051
(408) 247-3133

St. Lawrence Academy
Ms. Karen Hockemeyer, Advisor

for the California Pioneers
of Santa Clara County
1993 Santa Clara County Historical Essay Contest

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Preface	page 2
Body.	page 3
Endnotes.	page 25
Bibliography.	page 27

PREFACE

In order to draw the reader closer to the experience of the Japanese and Japanese Americans interned during World War II, this paper has been written from the point of view of a teenage nisei girl and her family. Maye, the main character, and all other characters are completely fictional, while the facts, dates, and experiences of the Japanese people are true. The story of Maye and her family is that of a typical Japanese family living in Santa Clara County, illustrating the effect Executive Order 9066 and the war had on the Japanese community.

She rested quietly at her desk a moment and then proceeded to pick up her pen, sigh, and touch it to the paper before her. As she wrote, Maye¹ felt the memories and emotions of a time, sealed within her mind, drift on to the paper. Her lips remained silent, as did the lips of every other Japanese man, woman, and child for forty-eight years, yet now was the time to speak. Maye paused a moment, and abandoned her pen. She rubbed her hands together and eyed the spotted loose skin covering them.

"Ready to quit before the battle's begun?" her father's voice sounded through her mind.

"I'm too old," she thought. "Who wants to listen to the bickerings of a dried-up, sixty-five year old woman?"

Her father answered, "The children do. I tell you, never let them forget, Maye. They must know the truth. Tell them the truth Maye."

Taking a deep breath, Maye drew up her pen and resumed her testimony to history. . .

"Canceled! Canceled!" screamed Joe, "How can they possibly cancel my liquor license?"

"Shh, Joe, you don't want to wake up Maye," whispered Grace. "I know it doesn't seem fair, after all your bar is one of the more popular places in town, but could we please discuss this after Maye leaves for school."

This became a common type of argument between Maye's parents. Nearly every morning her father's cries would wake her,

and the tension of the aftermath would adorn the breakfast table. Yet, all the effort her mother could muster never seemed quite enough to shelter Maye from the truth. The truth that America, the country which beckoned her grandparents with a promise of freedom, was now slowly denying the rights of anyone with Japanese ancestry.

Maye noticed the change, she did not need a newspaper or her parents to tell her. The Japanese had bombed Pearl Harbor. Since then the fears of every man and woman in the Santa Clara Valley had slowly built a wall to bar the Japanese from living a normal life. Brick by brick, the hatred grew. First, her father lost his liquor license. Then the government required them to surrender all radios, cameras, firearms, binoculars, dark lanterns, gaff hooks, flashlights, bows and arrows, and swords to the police. Next, Maye found she could no longer stay out late on Saturday nights because the Federal Bureau of Investigation (FBI) enforced a 9 p.m. curfew. The restrictions and confiscations increased over the months. However, the Japanese complied happily, fearing accusations of sabotage.

After January of 1942, more restrictions limited Maye's freedom. All Japanese foreign language schools closed by the request of the military, and the Japanese found they could no longer live in or travel to certain areas. Power plants, dams, military bases, water systems, defense zones, and more became off limits to enemy aliens. By order of the Justice Department, all enemy alien movements within restricted areas became limited to

travel between work and home. Eventually, this area grew to stretch from the California-Oregon border to a boundary fifty miles north of Los Angeles. Then, on February 2, 1942, Maye's family and all other enemy aliens of German, Italian, and Japanese descent fourteen and older reported to their nearest post office by request of the government. Maye waited three hours in line before she stepped up to the counter and handed the receptionist her application.

"Pictures dear? Pictures? Do you have your pictures with you?" the receptionist squawked.

"What pictures? Was I supposed to bring pictures with me?" Maye meekly asked.

"Yes dear, pictures," the receptionist sighed as she launched into a memorized speech. "Go to a photographer and have three photos taken--one from the front, and two of your profile, without a hat. Make sure the photographer knows that they are for your registration and that they should be on thin paper, you are to be photographed with a light background, and the pictures should be two inches by two inches. Bring them back to your nearest post office no later than the seventh, so you can be properly registered. Understand?"

"Uh, yes" Maye mumbled, still numb from the tirade of instructions. She took back her application, stepped aside, and plodded out the door.

Three weeks later Maye finally received her certificate of registration in the mail. Three weeks later Maye learned what

the government thought of the Japanese. She opened the newspaper one morning and browsed the headlines, until one article caught her eye: "State Solon Asks Japs Internment." Worried, Maye read on.

A Jap's a Jap. There is no way to determine their loyalty. . . It makes no difference whether he is an American; theoretically he is still Japanese and you can't change him by giving him a piece of paper.²

Distressed, Maye closed the paper. Hatred and prejudice surrounded her. Nearly every day one could find an article in the newspaper about the "Jap Spy Rings"³ uncovered by the FBI in the Valley. Then the Buddhist temple her family attended burned to the ground in "a fire of mysterious origin." . . . The room was padlocked every night by the caretaker, but firemen reported they found the padlock open and several matches on the floor."⁴ Because her father served as a leader of the temple, the FBI ransacked their apartment, stole items, and left the door open and unlocked. In addition, the FBI took Maye's father to question his loyalty. Maye and her mother, Grace, struggled financially for a couple of months, as did many families whose sole supports came from those snatched by the FBI for questioning. The Japanese community carried on as "they waited for buses that would not pick them up, and tolerated being turned away at restaurants as well as public places like the municipal swimming pool."⁵

However, financial worries ended soon enough. On February 19, 1942, President Roosevelt signed Executive Order 9066 allowing "any persons whose presence was deemed prejudicial to

the national defense"⁶ to be excluded from any designated government area. While the order in no way mentioned the exclusion of the Japanese specifically, over 112,000 people of Japanese ancestry,⁷ both alien and citizen, were removed from their homes. Obviously,

the decisions leading to the exclusion were not driven by analysis of military conditions. The broad historical causes which shaped these decisions were "race prejudice" and "war hysteria."⁸

Though hesitant due to the risk of losing many farmers and their valuable crops, the government ordered the evacuation of Santa Clara Valley on March 29, 1942. Maye and her mother, as well as others of Japanese ancestry, began the difficult task of selling all their possessions. Many accepted the government's offer to store valuables such as furniture and cars, yet the risk of their return was great. Others stored their priceless heirlooms in Buddhist temples or gave them to friends for safe keeping. Unfortunately, Grace yielded to pressures to sell, and the majority of the family's valuables sold to the highest bidder.

Finally, on May 24, 1942, Maye's district received orders to prepare for their pick-up and evacuation on May 28. The flyer issued read:

Evacuees must carry with them on departure for the Assembly Center the following property for each member of the family:

- (a) Bedding and linens (no mattress)
- (b) Toilet articles
- (c) Extra clothing
- (d) Sufficient knives, forks, spoons, plates, bowls and cups
- (e) Essential personal effects⁹

That Monday, May 25th, with all their affairs in order and the bare minimum of their belongings, Maye and her mother proceeded to San Jose State College to register for evacuation. The next day, a special train met them at the Southern Pacific Station on North San Pedro Street to take them and other Japanese evacuees to the Santa Anita race track.

In a matter of twenty-eight days the army converted the Santa Anita race track and fifteen other locations like it into temporary camps also known as "Assembly Centers." Here, Japanese-Americans found themselves surrounded by fences and barbed wire as well as soldiers with machine guns. Maye and her mother shared a cramped living space with a family of four. Across their unit they hung sheets to create privacy, yet they could hear even the slightest whisper. The evacuees set up and ran makeshift medical facilities, police and fire stations, schools, canteens, and post offices.

Before leaving to go to wait in line for a shower one morning, Grace instructed Maye to take a letter to the post office for her. Not permitted to seal mail, as all letters met with a thick black editing pen before their post mark, Maye opened the letter and read it to herself. "Dear Sandra, . . .

. . . We walked in and dropped our things inside the entrance. The place was in semidarkness; light barely came through the dirty window in either side of the entrance. A swinging half-door divided the 20 by 9 foot stall into two rooms. . . The rear room had housed the horse and the front room the fodder. Both rooms showed signs of hurried whitewashing. Spider webs, horse hair, and hay had been whitewashed with the walls. Huge spikes and nails stuck out all over the walls. A

two-inch layer of dust covered the floor, but on removing it we discovered that linoleum the color of redwood had been placed over the rough manure-covered boards.

We opened the folded spring cots lying on the floor of the rear room and sat on them in the semidarkness. We heard someone crying in the next stall. . .

Maye quickly folded the letter for she doubted whether it would be post marked at all. Why was she in the camp? Why should Japanese-Americans be made to stand in line for jobs, to receive shots, to eat, to shower communally, or even to use a filthy toilet without a door on the stall? Would living conditions ever get better, and how long would she have to stay with her family in the temporary camp?

One month later, Maye and Grace filed onto a loaded eighteen car train headed for Tule Lake, California, the segregation center for all ten of the Japanese relocation centers. The soldiers conducting the transfer of the evacuees carefully took roll before the train left and after it arrived. Two of the eighteen cars were sleeper cars especially set aside for the military and War Relocation Administration (WRA) officers. A third sleeper carried the ill and any women over seven months pregnant. Evacuee cooks prepared and served meals to the passengers on two of the fifteen remaining cars. After a two day ride to northern California, Maye and Grace stepped off the train into the welcoming arms of a familiar face.

"Joe! Oh, Joe!" Grace cried as she ran towards her husband. "What happened? Where have you been? What did they do to you?"

"Don't talk, please, don't talk. Just hold me," Joe

explained. "The government questioned my loyalty and sent me here to be interrogated. Sending me home would have been a waste of time since the evacuation process had already begun."

Ever so quietly, Maye approached the slim huddle she recognized as her parents. "Hello, father."

Joe continued to speak of Tule Lake and the processing of the evacuees as they followed the crowd into a large building off in the distance. "You will most likely be given a loyalty test. The beginning covers simple subjects about yourself and your interests, but the last two questions should be specifically answered with a 'yes.' The questions are:

#27: If the opportunity presents itself and you are found qualified, would you be willing to volunteer for the Army Nurse Corps of the WAC?

#28: Will you swear to abide by the laws of the United States and to take no action which would in any way interfere with the war effort? ||

I understand this questioning of our loyalty might be tough, especially by our own country, but it appears as the only way to ensure that we can be interned as a family. An answer of 'no' to either of the questions, and the WRA will certainly split up the family."

Maye and Grace did as Joe instructed, and within a week the army delivered them behind the barbed wire and watch towers of Poston relocation center in Arizona. Upon their arrival, the family gathered their belongings and received a block assignment: block 30, barrack number 11. Each block had twelve identical barracks which were 120 feet by 20 feet. Housing an average of twenty-five people, each barrack consisted of six rooms. Two

rooms, 20 feet by 25 feet, were designed for a family of seven, and four were 20 feet by 16 feet for a family of three. In addition to barracks, each block had a mess hall, laundry room, bathroom, shower room, and recreation hall. However, only two months old, Poston had yet to complete its construction, and numerous families bounced between their own block and neighboring blocks to eat, shower, use the bathroom, and do their laundry.

When construction finally ended, the families went about making the barracks "home." Not much could be done to improve the cement or bare wood floors, but a good friend from the "outside," known as Sears Roebuck, offered the opportunity to mail order special items. Soon, Maye found her new "home" adorned with curtains, and a small throw rug lay at the side of her parents' bed. A bed, easily defined as two army cots pushed together, sulked in the far corner of the room in order to save space. Maye's bed stood in the corner which faced the side of her parents' bed, and on cold mornings she would jump the three foot gap from the foot of her bed to her parents' bed, and then step onto the rug--all just to avoid the terribly cold floor. With her feet placed firmly on the rug, she would shuffle across the floor, past a rickety table her father built from salvaged wood, to a small niche in the wall which endured the weight of a cross bar and all of her family's clothing.

"I wish you wouldn't do that to the rug," her mother would complain. "It's the only one we have to last us for the duration of the war, and I'm not bound to let you wear it out."

"Okay, okay. Enough already. I'll put it back." Maye whined. "What time is it anyway?"

"Seven-forty, you have twenty minutes to get dressed and head down to the mess hall for breakfast."

Maye slipped on the favorite of her four skirts and a shirt made of blue cotton. "What are they serving today anyway?"

"Should I bother answering that?" her mother retorted. "You know what they're serving Maye--the same breakfast they serve every morning: toast, oatmeal, maybe some pancakes, and bacon or ham if you're lucky."

"No milk yet, huh?"

"No, no milk yet. Maye, do you understand that the milk belongs especially to the people who need it: children under twelve and adults over sixty-five. You are only seventeen, please learn to have some patience. Everyone finds the rationing tough, but we are all trying to cooperate with the government to help with the war effort. It is our duty as Americans to accept the war rationing and the hardships."

"Oh, please mother! You don't really think everyone on the outside tolerates all the rationing and restrictions that we do? The only reason anyone in here eats meat is because we raise the cattle ourselves. Over half of the vegetables we eat are grown right here at Poston. The Americans outside don't care about us or our rationing. I tell you, it is because of American pressures on the government that the Japanese were relocated at all!" Maye snatched up her satchel with her dishes and started

out the door. "I'll eat with my friends again today. It's Lily's birthday and we're celebrating it together." Then, she left and slammed the door behind her.

Maye met her friends at the mess hall and stood in line for breakfast. Her mother had guessed exactly what the kitchen served, and Maye ate the food in exactly the same order she did every morning--saving the small portion of meat for last. Looking around, she noticed the separation of the children from the parents. Meals had changed, and Maye missed sitting down to a large family meal at the kitchen table. Not that she could not eat with her parents, but the communal nature of meals most often led the teenagers to wander off by themselves. Maye stared at all the young children who never experienced "doing their homework on the kitchen table while inhaling the familiar and reassuring odors of their mother's cooking." ¹² The family structure had drastically changed. Her father, the "breadwinner," now worked at the pickling plant for sixteen dollars a month. Her mother earned half as much working part-time in a steno pool. Indeed, none of the teenagers felt dependent upon their fathers any more for daily necessities. Many earned as much as or more than their parents, and the WRA provided food and shelter.

Aside from meals and housing, the WRA also provided little else for the evacuees. Evacuees operated mess halls, schools, hospitals, factories, and the farms. However, qualified personnel was rare in the camps, especially in the field of

medicine.

When a flu epidemic struck Arizona in 1942, it swept throughout the camp population. The sudden change in their environment, diet, living space, and stress had weakened the evacuee's immune systems. Now overflowing with patients, the hospital welcomed any help it could get. Yet, aside from epidemics and the shortage of staff, hospitals often struggled with a lack of medical supplies. Doctors resorted to writing friends in the medical community to obtain needed medical equipment. Yet, even with outside aid, shortages frequently afflicted the hospital and its patients.

However, not just the hospitals suffered shortages. The schools lacked equipment as well. Maye completed her senior year of high school at Poston; as a member of the class of '43 she graduated in April, two months earlier than planned. Many of her classes finished early, due to the lack of activities to accompany the lessons. For example, her chemistry course contained no experiments or laboratory work at all, and after having read the text book the course ended after the first semester. Maye received an opportunity to leave Poston to attend a college or university. However, in order to leave she had to obtain three items: proof of a means of support, FBI clearance, and proof that she could find an accepting community in which to live. Obviously, the West Coast was strictly off limits for such an offer, but some evacuees had found that after gaining FBI clearance, various Christian groups, especially the American

Friends Service Committee, willingly offered financial aid to Japanese students. Only one problem remained for Maye, the issue of her acceptance into a community. A booklet issued all "parolees," evacuee's leaving the camps, instructed them to

know that they should carry on their person such identification as birth certificates, WRA ID cards, membership cards of organizations and travel permits "which shows they are legally outside the Relocation Centers."

Don't speak or use Japanese in public, even though you may feel that no one will hear you. If certain hotels and restaurants refuse to serve you, or do so in an insolent or condescending manner, do not show your irritation or demand your rights as American citizens. . . . If you go to public places such as bowling alleys, dance halls, etc., be sure to be extra careful in the use of language and be extremely courteous to all who you may come in contact with.¹³

Maye read the booklet carefully, and after some thought proposed the idea to her parents.

"No! I don't want you to go, and that is final." Joe hollered.

"Please, please!" Maye pleaded. "Why can't I go to college? Isn't it what you always wanted me to do?"

Then, Maye's mother broke the tension. Always the mediator in the family, always searching for a way to protect her only child, Grace calmly began to speak: "Your father and I very much want you to be educated, yet we fear for your safety. You saw the destruction and restrictions prejudice forced on us before our internship, so we hope you can understand our worries that the violence might have escalated since then. What happens if the war takes a serious turn and Japan begins to defeat America? What kind of prejudice and violence will happen then?"

Maye remained silent for some time. "I'm sorry. I guess you're right, but something inside of me still refuses to believe that people could really hate us so much. I'm an American, born in the United States, just the same as every other citizen. Why should they hate me anymore than they hate the Italian or the German citizens of the United States?" Tears began to roll down Maye's face, "why did they have to pick us?"

Shocked and at a loss for words, Maye's mother could do nothing but cradle Maye in her arms. The single fact remained: the Japanese-Americans had no idea why they were relocated. No due process of law, no official arrest, and no explanation ever satisfied Maye's question. Citizen or not, the Japanese suffered under the label: enemy alien. For the government, and many Americans, that explained everything.

Maye abandoned her dreams of a college education for the time being and occupied her time another way: work. Secretary, waitress, teacher's assistant, writer, artist for the camp newspaper, or a factory worker--all offered a means of employment for high school graduates such as Maye. Yet, curious to learn the structure of the government inside the camp, Maye lied her way into a job at the administration office by claiming she knew how to type. During her senior year inside the camp, typewriters were not available for the students' use. So, while Maye had some experience with typing on a piece of paper with the keyboard drawn on it, she had never actually used a typewriter before. Wages for a secretary without any prior job experience, such as

Maye, started at twelve dollars a month. However, Grace requested her help with the household chores, so Maye only worked part time for six dollars a month.

Yet in those twenty hours each week, Maye learned exactly how the government kept a strong foothold in the supervision of the camps. Each camp employed a Project Director appointed by WRA, who headed the camp and served at the highest level of government as the "president." On the second level of government, working under the authority of the Project Director, a caucasian staff directed various Civil Service departments. The third level consisted of Council Members, mostly nisei¹⁴ men, who could neither rise to the second level of government nor earn over nineteen dollars a month.

The function of Council Members amounted to little more than acting in an advisory capacity to the camp director and seeing to it that rules and regulations handed down by Washington were enforced by the block managers.¹⁵

Nominated by their block members and appointed by the Project Director, mostly issei¹⁶ men acted as block managers. Although they sat at the lowest, fourth level of government, block managers often functioned as the only real channels of communication between the evacuees and their government. Given the nickname "blockheads" by the evacuees, the managers were prone to enforce rules and open their ears to complaints of heat, supplies, and general frustrations.

However, one young council member named Kazuma, caught the fancy of Maye one warm August afternoon in 1943. Kaz towered

over Maye with a height all of six feet. His features appeared rather muted compared to the other evacuees, and his skin tone implied definite interracial marriages throughout his family tree.¹⁷ Why Kaz sat in front of her desk waiting for an hour, Maye never knew. Nevertheless, the six months she spent with Kaz, shined in her memory as the only good result of the war and her internment. Often they would take walks through See Len Park next to the administration office after she got off work. The admission price of a measly twenty-five cents, easily scraped off the bottom of a pocket, would most likely cover the admission to a music concert in one of the recreation halls. Yet, attending chorus recitals did not happen to catch the interest of Kaz, and he and Maye resorted to the cheaper forms of entertainment--the movies and sports games. The movies flickered in recreation halls for only ten cents (five for children). The titles changed from week to week, and ranged from "Pardon My Sarong" to various Abbot and Costello films. The baseball and basketball games between various block teams were free.

Unfortunately, the winter arrived quickly in Arizona, and as January 1944 drew near Maye realized her love affair would soon come to an end. The entire camp bustled with the news that the military had agreed to allow Japanese-Americans to fight in the war. Patriotic and loyal, Kaz devoted himself to the war effort and gladly volunteered to join the army.

"No! I won't let you go! You can't go!" Maye cried, "Don't you see the contradictions of incarcerating an entire

race while fighting a war against a nation incarceration a entire race'?"¹⁸

"Yes, yes I do." Kaz calmly responded, grasping her fluttering hands in his and drawing her closer. "Aishiteru. Do you know what that means?"

"Yes," Maye replied holding back a tear, "It means 'I love you' in Japanese."

"Maye, I love you. But, we were brought here because the government doubted our loyalty, and now I have the opportunity to prove to the government and my country, that I am an American. If you could somehow find a way to prove your loyalty, beyond a doubt, wouldn't you?"

"Yes, I guess I would; if it meant my freedom." Maye sulked.

"Okay then, are you ready to get out your pen and paper and write me every day?"

"Yes, most definitely; I'll write to you every single day until you return home to me and we can. . . ." Maye stopped short.

"And we can what?" Kaz asked. "Get married? Is that what you meant to say?"

Maye remained silent as her cheeks began to blush.

"Aishiteru, Maye. Will you marry me?"

Maye and Kaz's engagement spanned the remainder of the war as the Japanese-American 442nd Regiment fought throughout Europe. "When the Jews were freed from Dachau, it was the Japanese-American 442nd Regiment, the most decorated US Army regiment in World War II, that threw open the gates--while their relatives

waited for them at home behind barbed wire."¹⁹ By May of 1945, the war in Europe had come to and end. With luck, Maye, her family, and Kaz would all be home soon. Where ever home was, and Maye began to look forward to their impending release.

Standing among the few wood crates her parents packed for their return journey, Maye looked back on the past three years. As a girl of seventeen, she often approached the chain link fence of Poston and starred out. Dragging her feet, the dirt released puffs of dust, and reminded her of the dirt she once made mud pies with back home. What was so different between the dirt outside, and the dirt inside the camp, or twenty miles away, or even back home? Japanese American--the Japanese hand held the dirt, the American hand held the water--together they made mud. But who wanted mud? Only the innocent children loved the mud; the children who understood nothing of world wars or prejudice. Nothing remained for her to stare at; nothing she had not seen every day for the past three years--dry ground, distant mountains, and the distinctly clear blue sky which never failed to permit the scalding heat of Arizona to tan her face. And now, at age twenty, she would finally be permitted to leave without fear of being shot by a military guard.

On August 11, 1945, the bus arrived that would take Maye, her family, and a small fraction of the other evacuees,²⁰ to the train station. At the station the evacuees boarded trains similar to the ones that brought them to the camp. Although this time, instead of food prepared by the evacuees, Maye could enjoy

the service of a dining car. And only a few military officers, scarcely seen here and there, ensured the safety of the evacuees, as they tightly squeezed into their coach seats.

The train took them north through California, stopping enroute at major cities to release passengers.²¹ Released in San Francisco, Maye's family boarded a bus headed toward San Jose, the last leg in their all expense paid trip home. When they arrived, the Sato's, Maye's aunt and uncle on her mother's side of the family, greeted them. The Sato family had left their farm in the care of white operators during their internship, yet upon their return the operators refused to return the land.

Without any money to take legal action, let alone access to a lawyer who would accept the case of a Japanese family, the Sato's turned back to the only means of support they had known for the past three years--the WRA. On March 9, 1945, the "WRA established an office in San Jose . . . to assist the resettlement of the returning Japanese-Americans."²² The office helped the Sato family find housing and work at one of the fruit orchards in the valley (as well as investigate any discrimination or harassment). "The war time farm workers gassed up and hit the highways, leaving prune crop lying on the ground. An outcry came from farmers to save the fruit. The Japanese moved in and saved the crop."²³ However, while the employment and other aid from the WRA office was helpful, it barely matched the economic losses of the Japanese-Americans.

Living in a fruit orchard tried the patience of Maye. While

the work differed greatly from her secretarial job, she consoled herself with the hopes of Kaz's return from Europe and the possibility of beginning college in the spring. The Japanese community soon discovered that "prejudice was exhibited to a lesser degree in the county, . . . because the Japanese were not in direct economic competition with whites."²⁴ Japanese education programs specially organized in the valley set upon the task of destroying prejudice among the caucasian population. Maye and others began to read positive stories in the paper of the return of the Japanese-American exiles:

The Japanese do not find themselves discriminated against in schools. In employment circles they are meeting minimum opposition. Most labor unions agreed to accept them into their ranks.²⁵

The Santa Clara Valley was one of the bright spots of tolerance in California's treatment of its exiles. Although looting and exploiting of property of the evacuees were routine in the Valley, as elsewhere in the Army's restricted area, violence and intimidation were at a minimum.²⁶

The war was over and now the Japanese-Americans could finally begin to rebuild the lives the American government had locked away behind barbed wire the last five years. . . .

"Hey hun, what are you doing up so late?"

"Hey love, just working on my book," Maye yawned.

"How is it coming along? You've been working on it for a few weeks now haven't you?"

"I'm just about finished. I still have to write about the reprimands given the evacuees by the government in 1988, and

write a conclusion; other than that its pretty much complete."

"Good, then why don't you come on up to bed, its one in the morning and you have to get up early to go the hospital."

"Yes, I know, I need to gets lots of sleep because I'll have a busy day tomorrow with the new interns. How could I forget?"
Maye answered.

"I'm glad you agree. Now, get your butt up stairs and into bed."

"Okay, okay, don't rush me. I'm coming." Maye stood up from her desk, straightened her back, and followed her husband upstairs. "Aishiteru, Kaz."

"Aishiteru, Maye."

ENDNOTES

¹Maye and all other characters (Joe, Grace, Lily, Kaz, and the Sato family) are entirely fictional. Any relation or resemblance to any real people is purely incidental.

²Mei Nakano, Japanese American Women: Three Generations 1890-1990 (Berkeley: Mina Press Publishing, 1990) 126.

³"Jap Spy Ring Broken Up By Federal Raid," San Jose Mercury Herald 14 February 1942.

⁴Timothy J. Lukes, Japanese Legacy (Cupertino: California History Center, DeAnza College, 1985) 117.

⁵Nakano 128.

⁶Ibid. 131.

⁷Ibid.

⁸Ibid. 125.

⁹Ibid. 135.

¹⁰Ibid. 138.

¹¹Ibid. 162-163.

¹²Ibid. 146.

¹³Ibid. 160-161.

¹⁴The nisei were the first generation of Japanese immigrants to be born in the United States. The majority of Japanese-Americans relocated consisted the nisei generation.

¹⁵Nakano 142.

¹⁶The issei were the original immigrants who moved to America from Japan in the late 1800's and early 1900's.

¹⁷Executive Order 9066 required anyone at least one sixteenth Japanese to be relocated.

¹⁸"Remembering," San Jose Mercury News: West 22 February 1987: 8.

¹⁹Ibid.

²⁰None of the camps released all interns on the same day.

Closure of all camps was gradual, and often families feared their release due to their lack of economic stability and a home to return to.

²¹Sixty-five percent of all those evacuees returning to California were transported by a train which left Rohwer Arkansas Center and traveled to Los Angeles via Pueblo, Denver, Salt Lake, Reno, Sacramento, Lodi, Stockton, Merced, Fresno, and Bakersfield. Source: War Relocation Authority, Administrative Highlights of the War Relocation Authority Program (New York: AMS Press, 1975) 74-75.

²²Lukes 121.

²³Ibid. 124.

²⁴Ibid.

²⁵Ibid. 123.

²⁶Ibid.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

Books

- Armor, John and Peter Wright. Manazar. New York: Random House, 1988.
- Conrat, Maisie and Richard. Executive Order 9066. Los Angeles: Anderson, Ritchie and Simon, 1972.
- Daniels, Roger. Asian America: Chinese and Japanese in the United States since 1850. Seattle: University of Washington Press, 1988.
- Davis, Daniel S. Behind Barbed Wire. New York: E.P. Dutton, 1982.
- Fisher, Anne Reeploeg. Exile of a Race. Seattle: F&T Publishers, 1965.
- Higashi, Keiji. ed. Poston I 1942-1992, 50 Year Camp Reunion.
- Lukes, Timothy J. Japanese Legacy. Cupertino, California: California History Center, De Anza College, 1985.
- Nakano, Mei. Japanese American Women: Three Generations 1890-1990. Berkeley: Mina Press Publishing, 1990.
- Spicer, Edward H., et al., Impounded People: Japanese Americans in Relocation Centers. Tucson: University of Arizona Press, 1969.
- War Relocation Authority. Administrative Highlights of the War Relocation Authority Program. New York: AMS Press, 1975.

Newspapers

- "Fred Korematsu: 'I Never Had the Time to Tell My Children.'" San Jose Mercury News: West. 22 February 1987. pg. 21.
- "George Ikeda: 'We Were Ashamed.'" San Jose Mercury News: West. 22 February 1987. pg. 9.
- "Harry Ueno: 'We Lost a Few Years.'" San Jose Mercury News: West. 22 February 1987. pg. 23.
- "Kyoshiro Tokunaga: 'There Is a Karma for Nations.'" San Jose Mercury News: West. 22 February 1987. pg. 11. 1969.
- "Remembering." San Jose Mercury News: West 22 February 1987. pgs. 7-24

San Jose Mercury Herald, January 1942-March 1942.

Interview

Kinoshita, D.D.S., Eugene. Interview. San Jose, California.
February 16, 1993.